

1993–1994 SEASON

H&H

HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY

CHRISTOPHER HOGWOOD, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

Get the Classical Advantage!



Boston's #1 choice for classical music
24 hours a day



A Harmonious Evening...



A Forethought:

Before the show, we invite you to enjoy elegant Italian dining at **Ristorante Marino** or lighter fare at **Caffè Marino**. We serve authentic dishes prepared with our own farm fresh organic produce and chemical free meats.

&

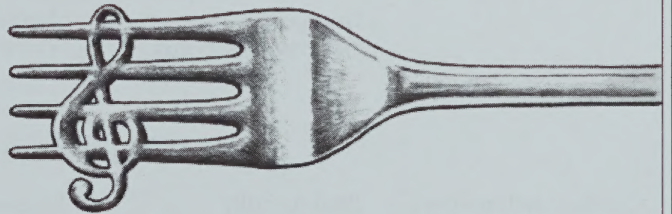
An Afterthought:

Post-theater coffee and desserts will be waiting for you at **Caffè Marino**, Harvard Square and at **Ristorante Marino** on Mass Ave. Enjoy conversing with friends while sipping an espresso or cappuccino.

Ask about our theater dinner ensemble

Ristorante Marino
2465 Massachusetts Avenue
North Cambridge
Free Parking

Caffè Marino
30 Dunster Street
Holyoke Center
Harvard Square, Cambridge



DINNER AND SYMPHONY. IN CONCERT.

Our award-winning chef, Charles Grandon, has created a new symphony menu that's a perfect prelude to the performance. The three-course dinners are prepared and served with style. And accompanied by free parking. You can enjoy your dinner, then stroll to symphony with time to spare.

Reservations are recommended. Call 424-7000.



AT THE COLONNADE HOTEL

ON HUNTINGTON AVENUE ACROSS FROM THE PRUDENTIAL CENTER



The Handel & Haydn Society
Christopher Hogwood, Artistic Director

ONE HUNDRED SEVENTY-NINTH SEASON, 1993–1994

GOVERNORS

Timothy C. Robinson, *Chairman*
Charles E. Porter, *Vice-Chairman*
Robert H. Scott, *President*
Leo L. Beranek, *Honorary Chairman*

Mitchell Adams, *Vice President*
James L. Joslin, *Vice President*
Grace H. Neises, *Vice President*
Herbert J. Boothroyd, *Secretary*
Joseph M. Flynn, *Treasurer*

William F. Achtmeyer
Robert C. Allen
Lucille M. Batal
Michael Brosnan
Edmund B. Cabot
Bradford M. Endicott
Eugene E. Grant
Dena M. Hardymon

Remsen M. Kinne III
David H. Knight
David L. Landay
Karen S. Levy
Anil Madan
Paul J. Marcus
Robert A. Marra
Barbara E. Maze

Sharon F. Merrill
Amy Meyer
Pat Collins Nelson
Winifred B. Parker
Watson Reid
Ronald G. Sampson
Michael Fisher Sandler
Carl M. Sapers

Elmar Seibel
Robert J. Spear
Timothy L. Vaill
Merrill Weingrod
Janet P. Whitla
Rawson L. Wood
Rya W. Zobel

George E. Geyer
Governor Emeritus

Jerome Preston, Jr.
Governor Emeritus

OVERSEERS

Candace Achtmeyer
Anne Adamson
Nathaniel Adamson, Jr.
F. Knight Alexander
Rae D. Anderson
Althea M. Ballentine
Martha Bancroft
Afarin Bellisario
Joyce Brinton
Julian G. Bullitt
T. Edward Bynum
Lynda G. Christian
John F. Cogan, Jr.
John D. Constable
Carolyn A. Coverdale
Bonnie L. Crane

Paul A. Cully
Mark Edwards
Thomas H. Farquhar
William H. Fonvielle
Virginia S. Gassel
Richard B. Gladstone
Arthur S. Goldberg
Arline Ripley Greenleaf
Steven Grossman
William Gudenrath
Janet M. Halvorson
Roy A. Hammer
Suzanne L. Hamner
Anneliese M. Henderson
Mimi B. Hewlett
Roger M. Hewlett

Kenneth P. Latham, Jr.
L. William Law, Jr.
R. Willis Leith, Jr.
Lisa S. Lipsett
Lloyd Lipsett
Patricia E. MacKinnon
Dorothy M. Mawn
Walter Howard Mayo III
Betty Morningstar
Marianne Mortara
Dorothy E. Puhly
Judith Lewis Rameior
Jeffrey F. Rayport
Jane K. Reardon
Alice E. Richmond
Holly P. Safford

Robert N. Shapiro
Lawrence T. Shields
Andy Smith
Jolane Solomon
Elizabeth B. Storer
Kemon P. Taschioglou
Dorothy A. Thompson
James J. Vanecko
Donald R. Ware
Kathleen W. Weld
Carol K. White
James B. White
Lieselotte H. Willoughby
Ronald N. Woodward
Gwill E. York
Howard W. Zoufaly

The Handel & Haydn Society is supported in part by generous grants from the Massachusetts Cultural Council, a state agency, and the National Endowment for the Arts. This support enables H&H to present not only several concert series, but also an educational outreach program in over forty public schools throughout Massachusetts, and free public concerts that bring H&H's music to wider audiences.



The Handel & Haydn Society
Christopher Hogwood, Artistic Director

1993-1994 Chamber Series, John Finney, Director
Sunday, March 6 at 8:00 p.m. • Sanders Theatre, Cambridge
Friday, March 11 at 8:00 p.m. • Jordan Hall
at New England Conservatory, Boston

Charles Fisk, fortepiano
Carole Haber, soprano
Pamela Dellal, mezzo-soprano
William Hite, tenor
Donald Wilkinson, bass

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797–1828)

Gott im Ungewitter, D. 985
Gott der Weltschöpfer, D. 986
Hymne an den Unendlichen, D. 232

Die Vögel, D. 691
Die Krähe (from Winterreise, D. 911)
Die Taubenpost (from Schwanengesang, D. 957)

12 Deutsche Tänze, D. 790

Im Frühling, D. 882
Wehmut, D. 772
An mein Herz, D. 860

Der Hochzeitsbraten, D. 930

INTERMISSION

Liebesbotschaft (from Schwanengesang, D. 957)
Ständchen (from Schwanengesang, D. 957)
Frühlingssehnsucht (from Schwanengesang, D. 957)

Seligkeit, D. 433
Nacht und Träume, D. 827
Gretchen am Spinnrade, D. 118

Klavierstück in E-flat minor (from 3 Klavierstücke, D. 946)
Impromptu in G-flat major (from 4 Impromptus, D. 899)

Des Tages Weihe, D. 763
Der Tanz, D. 826
Die Geselligkeit (Lebenslust), D. 609

CHARLES FISK, FORTEPIANO



Pianist Charles Fisk holds degrees from Harvard College and the Yale School of Music. He also attended the Mozarteum Akademie in Salzburg and the Fontainebleau Conservatoire, and spent two years in

Paris as a student of Nadia Boulanger. He has performed recitals and artist lectures throughout Europe, Canada, and the United States. In June of 1980, Mr. Fisk enjoyed the distinction of being the only American prizewinner in the Johann Sebastian Bach competition held in Washington, D.C. His scholarly interests focus on the music of Schubert and on the relationship between performance and analytical and critical approaches to music. He teaches piano, music theory, and music history at Wellesley College.

PAMELA DELLAL, MEZZO-SOPRANO



Pamela Dellal has been praised for the "exquisite vocal color" of her singing, and has been soloist with some of the nation's leading Baroque ensembles, including H&H, the Boston Early Music Festival, and the Dallas Bach Society. In

addition to her Baroque repertoire, she has performed a range of music from twelfth-century monody to contemporary compositions. A noted recitalist, Ms. Dellal has been featured in Emmanuel Music's chamber music series of Schumann, Debussy, and Brahms; she is also a regular soloist in its famed Bach Cantata series. She is a founding member of Favella Lyrica, an ensemble that performs music from the 17th and 18th centuries for two voices. Ms. Dellal has recorded for Arabesque, DG, Koch International, and Harmonia Mundi.

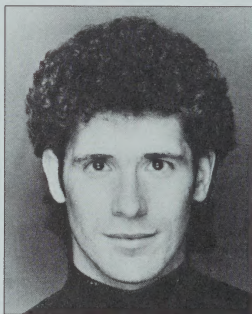
CAROLE HABER, SOPRANO



Carole Haber is known to her audiences for her stunning interpretations of the Mozartian and *bel canto* styles. Her operatic debut as the Queen of the Night won her laudatory reviews in

the New York Times. In Boston, where she makes her home, she has been a soloist with H&H, the Dedham Choral Society, Newton Choral Society, the Heritage Chorale, and many other groups. She made her Symphony Hall solo debut in H&H's 1991 performances of the Mozart *Requiem*. Ms. Haber is the winner of the Eleanor Steber Music Foundation Award and the Washington International Competition. In addition, she has been a finalist twice in the New England Regional Metropolitan Opera Competition, and a finalist in the Young Concert Artist Competition.

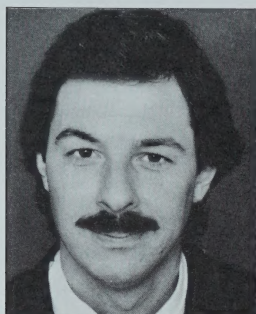
WILLIAM HITE, TENOR



William Hite enjoys a distinguished career in the concert hall and as a recording artist. He has performed with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Dallas Bach Society, Boston Baroque, and the Atlanta Choral Guild, in addition to H&H. He

has also given period performances with Aston Magna, Abendmusik, The King's Noyse, and the Boston Cecilia. Mr. Hite has sung at the Festival D'Aix in France, and with the Mark Morris Dance Group in Brussels. He was featured in Philip Glass's opera *The Fall of the House of Usher* at the American Repertory Theater, and was a two-time Tanglewood fellow. Mr. Hite's recordings with Ensemble Sequentia, Löln and the Boston Camerata have won the Diapason D'Or and the Grand Prix du Disque respectively. He has also recorded with Emmanuel Music on Koch International.

DONALD WILKINSON, BARITONE



Donald Wilkinson has appeared with many of America's finest musical organizations, including the symphony orchestras of Pittsburgh, Jacksonville, Portland, ME, and Vermont. In 1991, he made his Boston Symphony Orchestra debut with

Seiji Ozawa in *Salome*. He has also appeared with H&H, the Carmel Bach Festival, Washington Bach Consort, Philadelphia Bach Festival, Boston Baroque, and the Colorado Chorale, and has toured nationally with the Boston Camerata. He is active in opera, and has sung the roles of Marcello in *La Bobème*, Germont in *La Traviata*, and Konecny in the American Premiere of Janacek's *Fate*. A member of Emmanuel Music since 1984, Mr. Wilkinson has performed more than 100 of Bach's Cantatas, and has sung in two recordings of Schütz motets on Koch International.

THE HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY

The Handel & Haydn Society is a premier chorus and period orchestra under the artistic direction of renowned conductor Christopher Hogwood. H&H is a leader in "Historically Informed Performance," performing on the instruments and with the performing forces and techniques of the time in which the music was composed.

Founded in 1815, H&H is the oldest continuously-performing arts organization in the United States. From its beginning, H&H has been at the musical forefront, and performed several American premieres of Baroque and Classical works in the nineteenth century. In recent years, H&H has achieved widespread acclaim through recordings on the London Records/L'Oiseau-Lyre label, national broadcasts, and sold-out performances across North America. H&H also offers an innovative educational program that brings the enjoyment and knowledge of classical music to over 5,000 students in 45 schools throughout Massachusetts.

The fortepiano in this program was made by R.J. Regier, Freeport, ME, and is patterned after a Viennese instrument, c. 1824.

H&H ADMINISTRATION

Mary A. Deissler, *Executive Director*

Janet M. Bailey, *Director of Marketing*
Robin L. Baker, *Director of Educational Activities*
Debra A. Cole, *Business Manager*
Philip C. Crosby, *Development Assistant*
Elisabeth B. Galley, *Capital Campaign Director*
Michael E. Jendrysik, *Annual Fund Coordinator*
Lisa J. Ketcham, *Development Intern*

Rachel C. King, *Communications Manager*
William Ledbetter, *Box Office Assistant*
Deborah MacKinnon, *Box Office Manager*
Thomas L. Vignieri, *Artistic Administrator*
Rachel Yurman, *Assistant Director of Development*

Hill & Barlow, *Of Counsel*

James David Christie, *Artistic Consultant*
Jesse Levine, *Production Manager/Librarian*
Richard Shaughnessy, *Personnel Manager*
Yoichi Udagawa, *Rehearsal Assistant*
Angela Vanstory, *Rehearsal Accompanist*

H&H Education Program

Geoffrey Dana Hicks, *Choral Director,*
Vocal Apprenticeship Program
Rebecca Plummer, *Director, Educational Quartet*
Timothy Steele, *pianist*
Marilyn Bulli, Margaret O'Keefe, *sopranos*
Luz Bermejo, *alto*
Noel Vazquez, *tenor*
Donald Wilkinson, Emery Stephens, *basses*

A SCHUBERT EVENING

Robert Mealy

In 1817, the twenty-year-old Franz Schubert had one of the most influential meetings of his short career. It was not the most propitious event at the time: Schubert was deeply shy, and the man to whom he was introduced was far more worldly and sophisticated. But he would prove to be one of Schubert's most important advocates. This man was Johann Michael Vogl, the fifty-year-old baritone soloist at the Kärntnertor Theatre, a respected performer who spoke four languages and read philosophy during his intermissions at the theatre. Together they formed a remarkable team; they performed together often, both in Vienna and outside it, introducing the world to Schubert's songs. This musical form gave Schubert his first fame, beginning with the

astonishing *Erkönig* written when he was only eighteen. In the thirteen years that remained to him, Schubert was to write more than six hundred songs. A visitor in 1827, the year of his collection *Winterreise*, found him hard at work in bed and was told "I write for several hours every morning. When one piece is finished, I begin another."

One of the most delightful things about this genre, as Schubert practiced it, was its inherent sociability. In 1821, fourteen of Schubert's closest friends met with him to play and sing his music. This was the first "Schubertiade" (or *Schubert Abend*), although it was only called that in retrospect. At these events there would be singing, playing, and much drinking, continuing into the small hours of the morning. Given the limitations of modern concert culture, unfortunately only the first two of these elements can be presented in this performance, but the range of works in tonight's concert gives a good idea of how it was not only possible but delightful for Schubert's friends to make an evening of his music on a regular basis.

Although these Schubertiades were at first put on only by members of Schubert's close circle of friends, they rapidly became true salon events. The same year, Schubert's friend Schober wrote that "there were a couple of Schubertiades at the Bishop's, and one at Baroness Münk's, of whom I am quite fond, where a Princess, two Countesses, and three

Baronesses were present, all most generously ecstatic." And in fact the line between an evening of friends and a gathering of potential patrons was often unclear. The unifying factor in these gatherings was the music of a single composer, presented in an atmosphere which was neither that of the aristocratic salons, which

Beethoven had frequented, nor that of the public concert hall. And Schubert's songs spoke to this condition; to this day they have remained in a unique position in Western music, at once a high art requiring great taste and intelligence, and a body of work that is truly beloved, somewhere in a middle ground between public and private.

Schubert himself soon had had enough of these events, as the crowds got larger and larger and as he himself became more and more occupied with his compositions. The fame that accompanied his songs was not unwelcome, but not exactly what he had in mind. To be known as a composer of large-scale forms — symphonies and operas — was the real test. Schubert's only public concert devoted entirely to his works was performed, significantly, on the anniversary of Beethoven's death, and he constantly sought unsuccessfully to carve out a career as an opera composer.

Tonight's program presents works extending from the early part of Schubert's musical career, just after he finished his studies



Sepia drawing of a Schubert Abend at the home of Joseph von Spaun; Schubert is at the piano, sitting between Johann Vogl, on his right, and Spaun, on his left

with Salieri, to what may be the very last song he wrote (*Die Taubenpost*, composed in October of 1827). Along with the solo songs, among which will be heard both beloved favorites and unexpected surprises, the evening's entertainment will also feature some more rarely-heard genres of Schubert's work. The part-song, for instance, is a form Schubert rescued from the artistic oblivion of glee clubs to give it the dignity of some of his greatest solo songs. In the first three works on this program, which came to be published (much after his death, by haphazard collocation) as Op.112, Schubert can be heard trying on some of the more serious choral effects. In *Gott im Ungewitter* it is the Handelian fugue and the dramatic interjection, while in *Gott der Weltschöpfer* it is the four-square chorus reminiscent of Mozart's Masonic music in *The Magic Flute*. These texts, and the hymn by Schiller (*Hymne an den Unendlichen*) which completes the collection, may have come closer than anything else to religion for Schubert. Certainly the Romantic emotion of *Sehnsucht*, that melancholy longing evoked at the sight of natural beauty and sublimity, was one with which Schubert identified.

Der Hochzeitsbraten, with its yodelling finale, is in a lighter and more domestic vein. Two of the other part-songs on our program share this aesthetic: the frolicsome *Der Tanz* and *Der Geselligkeit*. Schubert, who enjoyed parties, would often accompany dances with

improvised waltzes, and his published piano works included not only the important genre of sonata but the *Gebrauchsmusik* (practical music) of the popular dances of the time. His twelve German dances were actually published as "Ländler," with the indication "Deutsches Tempo." Such generic confusion between waltzes, ländler, and "German dances" were common at the time. This was to be the only collection of dances from Schubert's maturity to be published exactly as he left it, although they had to wait forty-one years before Brahms shepherded them through publication.

Schubert experimented with other, newer forms of piano music as well as the conventional genres of dance and sonata. The *Klavierstücke* D. 946 were written in May of the last year of his life; they are composed in a three-part form, with a tranquil and lyrical middle separating the stormy and impetuous outer sections. They are similar in mood and figuration to the Opus 90 *Impromptus* he had composed the summer before. The third in this collection is really a nocturne, in the distant key of G-flat Major. With these pieces, Schubert inaugurated the whole nineteenth-century tradition of "improvisatory" and highly evocative piano music.

Robert Mealy is a professional violinist as well as program annotator. He is a member of the period-instrument ensemble Benefit Street.

H&H CONCERTS COMING UP

At Symphony Hall

April 8 and 10: **Beethoven Festival**

Symphony No. 6, "Pastoral"

Piano Concerto No. 4 • Symphony No. 5

Christopher Hogwood conducting

Robert Levin, fortepiano

April 22 and 24: **Spring Suites**

Bach: Orchestral Suites No. 1 and 3

Telemann: *Water Music* and *Don Quixote*

Daniel Stepner directing

June 27 and 29: **Vivaldi's Four Seasons**

Stanley Ritchie directing

At Jordan Hall and Sanders Theatre

May 13 (JH) and 15 (ST):

Handel: Anthems and Cantatas

Chandos Anthems and selected cantatas

John Finney directing

Sharon Baker, soprano; Stephen Hammer, oboe

Sponsored by WCRB, 102.5 FM.



**FOR INFORMATION OR TICKETS, CALL
THE H&H BOX OFFICE AT (617) 266-3605**

VOCAL TEXTS

Gott im Ungewitter, D. 985, [God in the Storm]

Joseph Peter Uz

Du Schrecklicher,
Wer kann vor dir und deinem Donner steh'n?
Groß ist der Herr, was trotzen wir?
Er winkt, und wir vergeh'n.
Er lagert sich in schwarzer Nacht,
Die Völker zittern schon:
Geflügeltes Verderben wacht
Um seinem furchtbarn Thron.
Rothglühend schleudert seine Hand
Den Blitz aus finst'rer Höh':
Und Donner stürzt sich auf das Land
In einer Feuersee,
Daß selbst der Erde fester Grund
Vom Zorn des Donners bebt,
Und was um ihr erschütternd Rund
Und in der Tiefe lebt.
Den Herrn und seinen Arm erkennt
Die zitternde Natur,
Da weit umher der Himmel brennt,
Und weit umher die Flur.
Wer schützt mich Sterblichen, mich Staub,
Wenn, der im Himmel wohnt
Und Welten pflückt wie dürres Laub,
Nicht huldreich mich verschont?
Wir haben einen Gott voll Huld,
Auch wenn er zornig scheint:
Er herrscht mit schonender Geduld,
Der große Menschenfreund.

Thou Terrible One,
Who can stand before thee and thy thunder?
Great is the Lord, why do we defy?
He nods, and we perish.
He rests in the dark night,
The people tremble.
Winged destruction keeps watch
Around his awful throne.
Glowing red, his hand hurls
The lightning out of the dark heights:
And thunder crashes down on the earth
In a sea of fire,
So that even the firm foundations of the earth
Tremble from the anger of the thunder,
As does everything
That lives in its depths.
Trembling nature acknowledges the Lord and
The hand of the Lord,
As all around the heavens burn,
And all around the fields burn.
Who would protect me, a mortal of mere dust,
If he who abides in heaven and gathers whole
Worlds like parched leaves,
Did not graciously spare me?
We have a God full of mercy,
Even when he appears angry:
He reigns with saving patience,
The great friend of all mankind.

Gott der Weltschöpfer, D. 986 [God, the Creator of the World]

Joseph Peter Uz

Zu Gott flieg' auf,
Hoch über alle Sphären,
Jauchz' ihm, weitschallender Gesang,
Dem Ewigen!
Er hieß das alte Nichts gebären;
Und sein allmächtig Wort war Zwang.
Ihm, aller Wesen Quelle,
Werde von allen Wesen Lob gebracht,
Im Himmel und auf Erden
Lob seiner weisen Macht.
Zu Gott flieg' auf,
Mein schallender Gesang!

Fly up to God,
High above all spheres,
Praise him, wide-resounding song,
Praise the Eternal!
He commanded the old Nothingness to be fruitful,
And his almighty word was law.
To him, the source of all beings,
May praise be brought from all beings,
In heaven and on earth,
The praise of his judicious power.
Fly up to God,
My resounding song!

Hymne an den Unendlichen, D.232 [Hymn to the Eternal One]

Friedrich von Schiller

Zwischen Himmel und Erd'
Hoch in der Lüfte Meer,
In der Wiege des Sturms
Trägt mich ein Zackenfels;
Wolken thürmen unter mir sich zu Stürmen,
Schwindelnd gaukelt der Blitz umher,
Und ich denke dich, Ewiger!

Deinen schauernden Pomp
Borge dem Endlichen,
Ungeheure Natur!
Du der Unendlichkeit Riesentochter!
Sei mir Spiegel Jehovah's!
Seinen Gott dem vernünft'gen Wurm
Orgle prächtig, Gewittersturm!

Horch! er orgelt;
Den Fels wie er herunter dröhnt!
Brüllend spricht der Orkan
Zebaoth's Namen aus,
Hingeschrieben mit dem Griffel des Blitzes:
Creaturen, erkennt ihr mich?
Schöne, Herr! wir erkennen dich!

Between heaven and earth,
High in the sea of the atmosphere,
In the cradle of the storm,
I stand upon a jagged rock;
Under me, clouds pile up into storms,
The lightning flits dizzyingly about,
And I think of thee, Eternal One!

Yield your shuddering pomp
To the Ultimate One,
Oh monstrous Nature!
You, the giant daughter of infinity!
Be for me the mirror of Jehovah!
Oh tempest, sing splendidly unto Man
About his God!

Hark! he sings;
How the rock rumbles below!
The storm roars out
The name of the Lord of Hosts,
Written with the stylus of the lightning:
Creatures, do you acknowledge me?
Spare us, Lord! We acknowledge thee!

Die Vögel, D. 691 [The Birds]

Friedrich von Schlegel

Wie lieblich und fröhlich,
Zu schweben, zu singen,
Von glänzender Höhe
Zur Erde zu blicken!

Die Menschen sind töricht,
Sie können nicht fliegen.
Sie jammern in Nöten,
Wir flattern gen Himmel.

Der Jäger will töten,
Dem Früchte wir pickten;
Wir müssen ihn höhnen,
Und Beute gewinnen.

How delightful and exhilarating it is
To soar and to sing,
To look down on the earth
From the radiant heights!

Men are foolish:
They cannot fly.
They lament in their distress;
We fly up to the heavens.

The huntsman whose fruit we pecked
Wants to kill us;
But we should mock him
And snatch our spoils.

Die Krähe (from Winterreise, D. 911) [The Crow]

Wilhelm Müller

Eine Krähe war mit mir
Aus der Stadt gezogen,
Ist bis heute für und für
Um mein Haupt geflogen.

A crow has come with me
From the town,
And to this day
Has been flying ceaselessly about my head.

Krähe, wunderliches Tier,
Willst mich nicht verlassen?
Meinst wohl bald als Beute hier
Meinen Leib zu fassen?

Crow, you strange creature,
Will you not leave me?
Do you intend soon
To seize my body as prey?

Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr gehn
An dem Wanderstabe.
Krähe, laß mich endlich sehn
Treue bis zum Grabe!

Well, I do not have much farther to walk
With my staff.
Crow, let me at last see
Faithfulness unto the grave.

Die Taubenpost (from Schwanengesang, D. 957) [Pigeon Post]

Johann Gabriel Seidl

Ich hab' eine Briefftaub in meinem Sold,
Die ist gar ergeben und treu,
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz,
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

I have a carrier-pigeon in my pay,
Devoted and true;
She never stops short of her goal
And never flies too far.

Ich sende sie viel tausendmal
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.

Each day I send her out
A thousand times on reconnaissance,
Past many a beloved spot,
To my sweetheart's house.

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,
Gibt meine Grüße scherzend ab
Und nimmt die ihren mit.

There she peeps furtively in at the window,
Observing her every look and step,
Conveys my greeting breezily,
And brings hers back to me.

Kein Briefchen brauch ich zu schreiben mehr,
Die Träne selbst geb ich ihr:
O sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

I no longer need to write a note,
I can give her my very tears;
She will certainly not deliver them wrongly,
So eagerly does she serve me.

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum
Ihr gilt das alles gleich,
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,
Dann ist sie überreich.

Day or night, awake or dreaming,
It is all the same to her;
As long as she can roam
She is richly contented.

Sie wird nicht müd, sie wird nicht matt,
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn,
Die Taub ist so mir treu.

She never grows tired or faint,
The route is always fresh to her;
She needs no enticement or reward,
So true is this pigeon to me.

Drum heg ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;
Sie heißt - die Sehnsucht!
Kennt ihr sie? Die Botin treuen Sinns.

I cherish her as truly in my heart,
Certain of the fairest prize;
Her name is — Longing!
Do you know her? The messenger of constancy.

Im Frühling, D. 882 [In Spring]

Ernest Schulze

Still sitz ich an des Hügels Hang,
Der Himmel ist so klar,
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal,
Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl
Einst, ach so glücklich war.

Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging
So traulich und so nah,
Und tief im dunklen Felsenquell
Den schönen Himmel blau und hell
Und sie im Himmel sah.

Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schon
Aus Knosp' und Blüte blickt!
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich,
Am liebsten pflückt ich von dem Zweig,
Von welchem sie gepflückt!

Denn alles ist wie damals noch,
Die Blumen, das Gefild;
Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell,
Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im Quell
Das blaue Himmelsbild.

Es wandeln nur sich Will und Wahn,
Es wechseln Lust und Streit,
Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück,
Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,
Die Lieb und ach, das Leid!

O wär ich doch ein Vöglein nur
Dort an dem Wiesenhang!
Dann blieb ich auf den Zweigen hier,
Und säng ein süßes Lied von ihr,
Den ganzen Sommer lang.

I sit silently on the hillside,
The sky is so clear,
The breezes play in the green valley
Where once, in the first rays of spring,
I was, oh, so happy.

Where I walked by her side,
So tender, so close,
And saw deep in the dark rocky stream
The fair sky, blue and bright,
And her reflected in that sky.

See how the colorful spring
Already peeps from bud and blossom.
Not all the blossoms are the same to me:
I like most of all to pluck them from the branch
From which she has plucked.

For all is still as it was then,
The flowers, the fields;
The sun shines no less brightly,
And no less cheerfully
The sky's blue image bathes in the stream.

Only will and whim change,
And joy alternates with strife;
The happiness of love flies past,
And only love remains,
Love and, alas, sorrow.

Oh, if only I were a bird,
There on the sloping meadow!
Then I would stay on these branches here,
And sing a sweet song about her
All summer long.

Wehmut, D. 772 [Melancholy]

Matthäus von Collin

Wenn ich durch Wald und Fluren geh',
Es wird mir dann so wohl und weh
In unruhvoller Brust.
So wohl, so weh, wenn ich die Au
In ihrer Schönheit Fülle schau',
Und all die Frühlingslust.
Denn was im Winde tönend weht,
Was aufgetürmt gen Himmel steht,
Und auch der Mensch, so hold vertraut
Mit all der Schönheit, die er schaut,
Entschwindet, und vergeht.

When I walk through the woods and fields
I feel so happy and yet so sad
In my unquiet heart;
So happy and so sad when I behold
The meadows in the fullness of their beauty,
And all the joy of spring.
For all that blows and echoes in the wind,
All that towers up towards heaven,
And man himself, communing so fondly
With all the beauty he beholds —
All shall vanish and perish.

An mein Herz, D. 860 [To My Heart]

Ernst Schulze

O Herz, sei endlich stille!
Was schlägst du so unruhvoll?
Es ist ja des Himmels Wille,
Daß ich sie lassen soll.

Und gab auch dein junges Leben
Dir nichts als Wahn und Pein,
Hat's ihr nur Freude gegeben,
So mag's verloren sein.

Und wenn sie auch nie dein Lieben
Und nie dein' Lieb' verstand,
So bist du doch treu geblieben,
Und Gott hat's droben erkannt.

Wir wollen es mutig ertragen,
So lang nur die Träne noch rinnt,
Und träumen von schöneren Tagen,
Die lange vorüber sind.

Und siehst du die Blüten erscheinen,
Und singen die Vögel umher,
So magst du wohl heimlich weinen,
Doch klagen sollst du nicht mehr.

Geh'n doch die ewigen Sterne
Dort oben mit goldenem Licht
Und lächeln so freundlich von ferne,
Und denken doch unser nicht.

O heart! Be silent at last!
Why do you beat so restlessly?
For it is Heaven's will
That I should leave her.

Even though your youthful life
Gave you nothing but delusion and pain,
As long as it gave her joy
Then no matter if it was lost to you.

And though she never understood
Your loving or your love,
You nevertheless remained faithful
And God above saw it.

Let us bravely endure
As long as tears still flow,
And dream of fairer days
Long since past.

When you see the blossoms appearing,
When the birds sing all around,
Then you may weep in secret
But you should complain no more.

For the eternal stars above
Move with a golden light,
Smiling kindly from afar
And yet with no thought for us.

Der Hochzeitsbraten, D.930 [The Roast for the Wedding Feast]

Friedrich von Schöber

Therese:

Ach liebes Herz, ach Theobald,
Laß dir nur dies mal rathen,
Ich bitt' dich, geh' nicht in den Wald,
Wir brauchen keinen Braten.

Theobald:

Der Stein ist scharf, ich fehle nicht,
Den Hasen muß ich haben,
Der Kerl muß uns als Hauptgericht
Beim Hochzeitschmause laben.

Therese:

Ich bitt' dich, Schatz,

Theobald:

Ich geh' allein,

Therese:

Sie hängen dich,

Theobald:

Was fällt dir ein!

Therese:

Oh, sweetheart, oh Theobald,
Just listen to this advice,
I beg you, don't go into the woods,
We don't need a roast.

Theobald:

The stone is sharp, I won't miss,
I must have the hare!
That fellow must be the main course
At our wedding feast.

Therese:

I beg you, dear,

Theobald:

I'll go alone,

Therese:

They will hang you,

Theobald:

What are you thinking about!

Therese:
Allein?
Allein kann ich nicht bleiben,
Nein, allein kann ich nicht bleiben.
Theobald:
Nun gut, so magst du treiben.
Therese:
Wo steckt er denn?
Theobald:
Hier ist der Ort,
Jetzt treibe fort,
[*Therese:*
gsh! gsh! prr, prr
Jetzt hier im Kraut,
Jetzt im Gebüsch,
Nur nicht so laut.
Caspar:
Horch! horch!
Pötz Blitz, was soll das sein?
Ich glaub', sie jagen,
Da schlag' der Hagel drein!
Theobald:
Da sprach ja wer?
Therese:
Was du nicht hörst!
Caspar:
Der kommt nicht aus, den sperr' ich ein.
Theobald:
Es wird der Wind gewesen sein.
Therese:
O Lust, ein Jägersmann zu sein!
gsh! gsh! prr, prr
Ein Has', ein Has'!
Theobald:
Da liegt er schon,
Welch Meisterschuß, grad' in die Brust,
O Lust, o süße, süße Jägerlust.
Therese:
O sieh! den feisten Rücken,
Den will ich trefflich spicken.
O Lust, o süße, süße Jägerlust.
Caspar:
Nun wart,' Hallunk, dich trifft dein Lohn,
Du Galgenstrick, du Enakssohn!
Halt Diebsgepack! Halt! Halt!
Therese & Theobald:
Nun ist es aus!
Caspar:
Den Hasen gebt, die Büchs' heraus,
In's Loch, in's Arbeitshaus,
Ich treib euch schon das Stehlen aus.
Therese & Theobald:
Ich muß . . . , ich will . . . ,
O weh! o weh! mit uns ist's aus.
Herr Jäger, seid doch nicht von Stein,
Die Hochzeit sollte morgen sein.

Therese:
Alone?
I can't remain alone,
No, I can't remain alone.
Theobald:
All right, then you may flush him out.
Therese:
Now, where is he hiding?
Theobald:
Here is the place,
Now flush him out,
[*Therese:*
gsh! gsh! prr, prr
Now in the grass,
Now in the bushes,
But not so loud!
Caspar:
Hark! Hark!
What the devil is this?
I think they're hunting,
That's where the shot was.
Theobald:
Who was that speaking?
Therese:
You're hearing things!
Caspar:
He won't get away, I'll trap him.
Theobald:
It must have been the wind.
Therese:
Oh, what joy to be a hunter!
gsh! gsh! prr, prr
A hare, a hare!
Theobald:
There he lies,
What a masterful shot, right in the heart!
Oh joy, oh the sweet joy of being a hunter!
Therese:
Oh look! what a fine fat piece of meat!
I will dress it splendidly.
Oh joy, oh the sweet joy of being a hunter!
Caspar:
Just wait, you'll get what's coming to you,
You rascal, you son of Enak!
Stop, you pack of thieves! Stop! Stop!
Therese & Theobald:
Now we're done for!
Caspar:
Give me the hare,
Into prison with you, into the work-house!
I'll teach you not to steal!
Therese & Theobald:
I must . . . , I will . . . ,
Oh woe! oh woe! now we're done for!
Oh hunter, sir, don't be made of stone,
We're supposed to be married tomorrow!

please turn the page quietly

Caspar:

Was kümmert's mich!

Therese & Theobald:

O hört, mit Most will ich euch reich verseh'n,
O hört, und ich, ich strick' euch einen Beutel,
Und dieser Thaler weiß und blank,
Laßt ihr uns geh'n, sei euer Dank.

Caspar:

Das Mädchen ist verzweifelt schön.

Therese:

Ach! statt den Hasenrücken
Muß ich den Jäger spicken.

Theobald:

Ach! statt den Hasenrücken
Muß sie den Jäger spicken.

Caspar:

Sie ist doch zum Entzücken,
Ich muß ein Aug' zudrücken.
Nun wohl, weil ernstlich ihr bereut,
Und 's erstemal im Forste seid,
Mag Gnad' für Recht heut' walten,
Ihr möget Hochzeit halten.

Therese & Theobald:

O tausend Dank, O lieber Herr,
Gebt uns zur Hochzeit doch die Ehr'!

Caspar:

Es sei, ich komme morgen,
Für'n Braten will ich sorgen.

Therese, Theobald, & Caspar:

Lebt wohl bis morgen.

Therese & Theobald:

Das Herz ist frei von seiner Last,
Wir haben Hochzeit und 'nen Gast,
Und obendrein den Braten,
So sind wir gut beraten.
La la la, . . .

Caspar:

Hol' euch der Fuchs,
Ich wäre fast der Bräut'gam lieber als der Gast,
Sie ist kein schlechter Braten,
Der Kerl ist gut beraten.

Caspar:

What does that matter to me!

Therese & Theobald:

Oh listen, I'll supply you well with wine,
Oh listen, and I, I'll knit you a new pouch,
And this bright shiny coin,
please let us go, and we'll be grateful to you.

Caspar:

The girl is remarkably beautiful.

Therese:

Ah, instead of roasting the hare
I have to bribe the hunter.

Theobald:

Ah, instead of roasting the hare,
She has to bribe the hunter.

Caspar:

She is delightful,
I must shut my eyes.
All right, since you have sincerely repented,
And since this is your first time in the forest,
Let mercy go before the law,
You may have your wedding.

Therese & Theobald:

Oh, a thousand thanks, dear sir,
Please be an honored guest at our wedding!

Caspar:

So be it, I'll come tomorrow,
And I'll take care of the roast.

Therese, Theobald, & Caspar:

Farewell until tomorrow.

Therese & Theobald:

The burden is removed from our hearts,
We shall have a wedding and a guest,
And what's more, the roast —
So everything has turned out well for us.
La la la, . . .

Caspar:

The devil take you!
I'd rather be the groom than a guest,
She's quite a catch,
This fellow has made out all right.

Liebesbotschaft (from Schwanengesang, D. 957) [Love's Message]

Ludwig Rellstab

Rauschendes Bächlein, so silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten so munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein, mein Bote sei du;
Bringe die Grüße des Fernen ihr zu.

All ihre Blumen im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen in purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquickte mit kühlender Flut.

Murmuring brook, so silver and bright,
Do you hasten, so lively and swift, to my beloved?
Ah, sweet brook, be my messenger;
Bring her greetings from her distant lover.

All the flowers, tended in her garden,
Which she wears so charmingly on her breast,
And her roses with their crimson glow:
Refresh them, brooklet, with your cooling waters.

Wenn sie am Ufer, in Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend, das Köpfchen hängt,
Tröste die Süße mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte keht bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen in Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd in süße Ruh,
Flüstre ihr Träume der Liebe zu.

When on your banks she inclines her head,
Lost in dreams, thinking of me,
Comfort my sweetheart with a kindly glance,
For her beloved will soon return.

When the sun sinks in a red flush,
Lull my sweetheart to sleep.
With your soft murmurings bring her sweet
repose, And whisper dreams of love.

Ständchen (from Schwanengesang, D. 957) [Serenade]

Ludwig Rellstab

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Laß auch Dir das Herz bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen!
Komm', beglücke mich!

Softly my songs plead
Through the night to you;
Down into the silent grove,
Beloved, come to me!

Slender tree-tops whisper and rustle
In the moonlight;
My darling, do not fear
That the hostile betrayer will overhear us.

Do you not hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they are imploring you;
With their sweet, plaintive songs
They are imploring for me.

They understand the heart's yearning,
They know the pain of love;
With their silvery notes
They touch every tender heart.

Let your heart, too, be moved,
Beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy!

Frühlingssehnsucht (from Schwanengesang, D. 957) [Spring Longing]

Ludwig Rellstab

Säuselnde Lüfte wehend so mild,
Blumiger Düfte atmend erfüllt!
Wie haucht ihr mich wonnig begrüßend an!
Wie habt ihr dem pochenden Herzen getan?
Es möchte euch folgen auf luftiger Bahn,
Wohin? Wohin?

Bächlein, so munter rauschend zumal,
Wollen hinunter silbern ins Tal.
Die schwebende Welle, dort eilt sie dahin!
Tief spiegeln sich Fluren und Himmel darin.
Was ziehst du mich, sehrend verlangender Sinn,
Hinab? Hinab?

Whispering breezes, blowing so gently,
Exuding the fragrance of flowers;
How blissful to me is your welcoming breath!
What have you done to my beating heart?
It yearns to follow you on your airy path.
Where to?

Silver brooklets, babbling so merrily,
Seek the valley below.
Their ripples glide swiftly by!
The fields and the sky are deeply mirrored there.
Why yearning, craving senses, do you draw me
Downwards?

please turn the page quietly

Grüßender Sonne spielendes Gold,
Hoffende Wonne bringest du hold,
Wie labt mich dein selig begrüßendes Bild!
Es lächelt am tiefblauen Himmel so mild
Und hat mir das Auge mit Tränen gefüllt,
Warum? Warum?

Grünend umkränzt Wälder und Höh.
Schimmernd erglänzet Blütenschnee.
So dränget sich alles zum bräutlichen Licht;
Es schwellen die Keime, die Knospe bricht;
Sie haben gefunden, was ihnen gebricht:
Und du? Und du?

Rastloses Sehnen! Wünschendes Herz,
Immer nur Tränen, Klage, und Schmerz?
Auch ich bin mir schwellender Triebe bewußt!
Wer stillt mir endlich die drängende Lust?
Nur du befreist den Lenz in der Brust,
Nur du! Nur du!

Sparkling gold of the welcoming sun,
You bring the fair joy of hope.
How your happy, welcoming countenance
refreshes me! It smiles so benignly in the deep-
blue sky, And yet has filled my eyes with tears.
Why?

The woods and hills are wreathed in green.
Snowy blossom shimmers and gleams.
All things strain towards the bridal light;
Seeds swell, buds burst;
They have found what they lacked:
And you?

Restless longing, yearning heart,
Are there always only tears, complaints and pain?
I too am aware of swelling impulses!
Who at last will still my urgent desire?
Only you can free the spring in my heart,
Only you!

Seligkeit, D. 433 [Bliss]

Ludwig H. C. Höltz

Freuden sonder Zahl
Blühn im Himmelssaal
Engeln und Verklärten,
Wie die Väter lehrten.
Oh, da möcht' ich sein
Und mich ewig freun!

Joys beyond number
Bloom in the vaults of heaven
For angels and the transfigured,
As our fathers taught.
Ah, there I should like to be,
Forever rejoicing!

Jedem lächelt traut
Eine Himmelsbraut;
Harf' und Psalter klingen,
Und man tanzt und singet.
Oh, da möcht' ich sein
Und mich ewig freun!

Upon each a heavenly bride
Smiles tenderly;
Harp and psalter sound,
There is singing and dancing.
Oh, there I should like to be,
Forever rejoicing!

Lieber bleib ich hier,
Lächelt Laura mir
Einen Blick, der saget,
Daß ich ausgeklaget.
Selig dann mit ihr
Bleib' ich ewig hier!

I would sooner stay here
If Laura smiles on me
With a look that says
I have ceased grieving.
Blissfully then with her
I will remain forever here!

Nacht und Träume, D. 827 [Night and Dreams]

Matthäus von Collin

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Holy night, you sink down;
Dreams, too, float down,
Like your moonlight through space,
Through the silent hearts of men.
They listen with delight,
Crying out when day awakes:
Come back, holy night!
Fair dreams, return!

Gretchen am Spinnrade, D. 118 [Gretchen at the Spinning-wheel]

Johann Wolfgang Goethe

Meine Ruh' ist hin, Mein Herz ist schwer, Ich finde sie nimmer Und nimmermehr.	My peace is gone, My heart is heavy, I shall never, never again Find peace.
Wo ich ihn nicht hab', Ist mir das Grab, Die ganze Welt Ist mir vergällt.	Wherever he is not with me Is my grave, The whole world Is turned to gall.
Mein armer Kopf Ist mir verrückt, Mein armer Sinn Ist mir zerstückt.	My poor head Is crazed, My poor mind Is shattered.
Nach ihm nur schau' ich Zum Fenster hinaus, Nach ihm nur geh' ich Aus dem Haus.	I look out of the window Only to seek him, I leave the house Only to seek him.
Sein hoher Gang, Sein' edle Gestalt, Seines Mundes Lächeln, Seiner Augen Gewalt.	His fine gait, His noble form, The smile of his lips, The power of his eyes.
Und seiner Rede Zauberfluß. Sein Händedruck, Und ach, sein Kuß!	And the magic flow Of his words, The pressure of his hand And, ah, his kiss!
Mein Busen drängt sich Nach ihm hin. Ach, dürft' ich fassen Und halten ihn.	My bosom yearns For him. Ah, if only I could grasp him And hold him.
Und küssen ihn, So wie ich wollt', An seinen Küssen Vergehen sollt'!	And kiss him As I would like, I should die From his kisses!

Des Tages Weihe, D. 763 [The Consecration of the Day]

Schicksalslenker, blicke nieder, Auf ein dankerfülltes Herz, Uns belebt die Freude wieder, Fern entflohn ist jeder Schmerz. Und das Leid, es ist vergessen, Durch die Nebel strahlt der Glanz Deiner Größe unermessen, Wie aus hellem Sternenkranz, Liebevoll nahmst du Der Leiden herben Kelch von Vaters Mund, Darum ward in Fern und Weiten Deine höchste Milde kund. Schicksalslenker, . . .	Ruler of fate, look down On a grateful heart, Joy has revived us, All pain has flown And sorrow is forgotten, The splendour of your immeasurable Greatness radiates through the mist as from a Bright garland of stars. Lovingly you accepted The bitter chalice of sorrows at the Father's Command, And thus your lofty mercy was made Known far and wide. Ruler of fate, . . .
--	--

Der Tanz, D. 826 [The Dance]

K. Sch. von Meerau

Es redet und träumet die Jugend so viel,
Von Tanzen, Galloppen, Gelagen,
Auf einmal erreicht sie ein trüglisches Ziel,
Da hört man sie seufzen und klagen.
Bald schmerzet der Hals
Und bald schmerzet die Brust,
Verschwunden ist alle die himmlische Lust.
"Nur diesmal noch kehr'
Mir Gesundheit zurück!"
So flehet vom Himmel der hoffende Blick.

Youth speaks and dreams a great deal
Of dances, gallops, carousing;
Suddenly it reaches a deceptive goal
Then one hears only sighs and complaints.
Sometimes the throat aches
And sometimes the chest.
All that divine pleasure has gone.
A hopeful look implores the heavens:
"Just this once
Let my health return!"

Lebenslust, D. 609 [Joy of life]

J. K. Unger

Wer Lebenslust fühlet,
Der bleibt nicht allein,
Allein sein ist öde,
Wer kann sich da freu'n?
Im traulichen Kreise,
Beim herzlichen Kuß,
Beisammen zu leben,
Ist Seelengenuß.

The one who feels the joy of life
does not stay alone;
Solitude is desolate,
Who can rejoice then?
In cosy intimacy
With a hearty kiss,
To live together
Delights the soul.

RAFFLE FOR THE ARTS

*Enter to win the car of your dreams —
and benefit the Handel & Haydn
Society!*

Members of arts audiences will have the opportunity to win an all-new Mercedes Benz 1994 C280, valued at \$37,000, and donated by Mercedes-Benz of North America. Raffle tickets are \$50 each or three for \$100, with all proceeds to benefit participating arts groups. The drawing will be held June 25, 1994.

Entry forms are available at tonight's performance. For more information, call H&H at (617) 262-1815.



Mercedes-Benz



KAJI ASO STUDIO INSTITUTE for the ARTS

Classes in:

FINE ARTS

drawing
watercolor
oil painting
ceramics
poetry
chorus

JAPANESE CULTURE

calligraphy
sumi painting
language
tea ceremony
haiku
renga

Registration ongoing

40 St. Stephen Street, Boston 02115

For information & brochure:

(617) 247-1719



TOWER RECORDS

has the largest
selection of
Classical recordings
in New England.

TOWER RECORDS/VIDEO

OPEN EVERYDAY TO SERVE YOU! • MAIL ORDER: 1-800-648-4844 (9AM-9PM E.S.T.)

TOWER RECORDS/VIDEO

CAMBRIDGE • BOSTON • BURLINGTON

CAMBRIDGE

95 Mt. Auburn St.
Harvard Square (Harvard T Stop on the Redline)

RECORDS.....(617) 876-3377
VIDEO SALES • NO RENTALS

BOSTON

Mass. Ave. at Newbury
In Back Bay (Hynes Convention Center/ICA T Stop on the Greenline)

RECORDS.....(617) 247-5900
VIDEO SALES AND RENTALS!

BURLINGTON

101 Middlesex Turnpike
Across From Burlington Mall

RECORDS.....(617) 272-1007
SUNDAY NOON 'TIL 7PM
VIDEO SALES AND RENTALS!

 **TICKETMASTER**

**CAPPUCCINO,
COFFEE,
CHEESECAKE,**

and more...

**before and after the show
(and even Intermission!)**



CLASSIC CAFE, CLASSIC COFFEE

44 Gainsborough Street

Delhi Darbar



Fine Indian Cuisine

24 Holyoke Street
Harvard Square
Cambridge

(617) 492-8993

Mon-Fri Special Lunch 11:30-3:00
Dinner 3:00-11:00

Sat & Sun Special Brunch Buffet
Noon-3:00
Dinner 3:00-11:00



THE PERFECT EVENING AWAITS YOU

Candlelight. An intimate setting. Everything in place for you. This is the award-winning Plaza Dining Room, where Executive Chef David Cardell presents a new menu of New England cuisine. From roasted Berkshire tom turkey to Maine lobster in Nantucket plum sauce, you will savor regional specialties that are a feast for the senses.

The Plaza Dining Room, making every evening perfect.



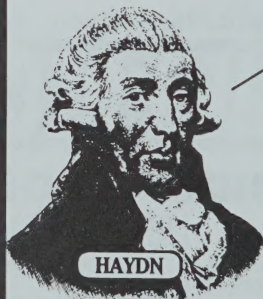
THE COPLEY PLAZA
A WYNDHAM HOTEL

138 ST. JAMES AVENUE BOSTON
reservations suggested, 267. 5300



HANDEL

*"A Very
Knowledgeable
Staff"*



HAYDN

"I Agree"



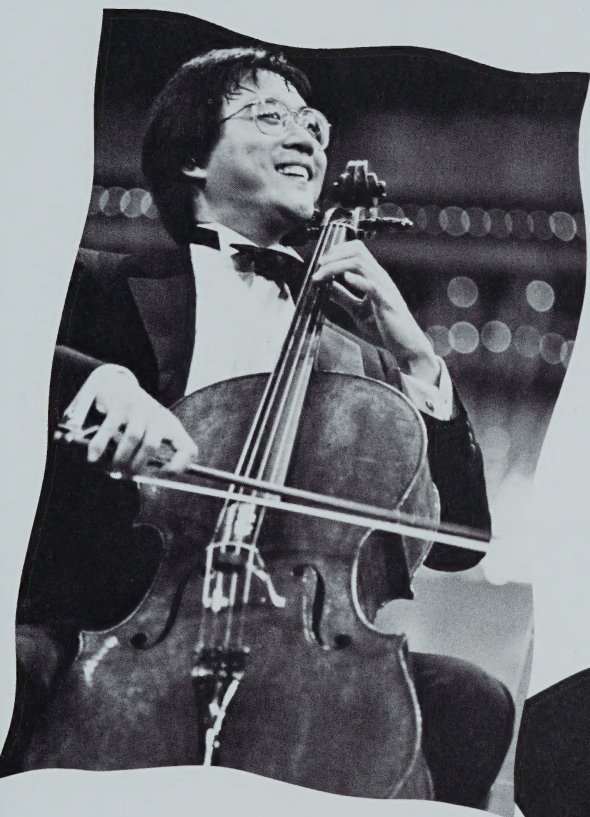
HARVARD SQ

Visit Our Extensive Classical Department
One Brattle Square, Cambridge MA
(617) 868-9696



printed on recycled paper

More Choices. More Classical.



From Bach to Beethoven, Berlioz to Boulez, there's so much to choose on WGBH 89.7fm. Recorded or live, we bring you the best in classical, Sunday through Friday 7am to 2pm and Saturday 7am to noon. WGBH Radio is New England's clear choice for commercial-free classical. Make it your choice too.

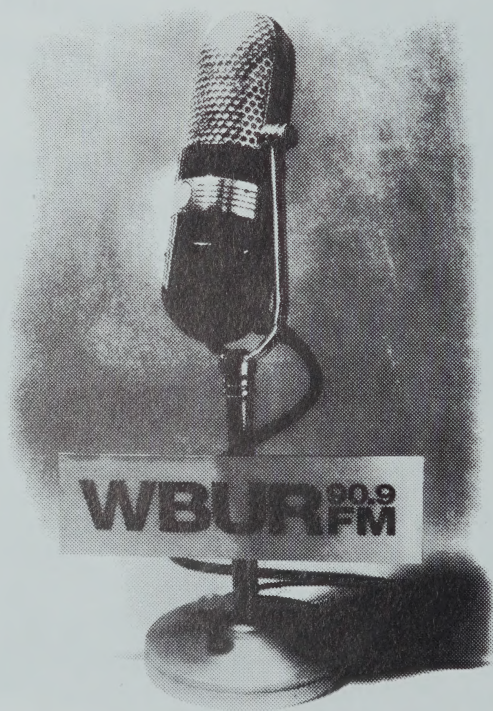
Michael Lutch for WGBH



WGBH
BOSTON
89.7FM

WGBH Radio
125 Western Avenue
Boston, MA 02134
617.492.2777

**Our
news is
never
abbr.**



If you're tired of abbreviated news, listen to the whole story. We have the most in-depth news, information, and commentary in New England. WBUR 90.9 FM. **Radio for your ears. And everything in between.**